

*Printed in Bk*

A TRUE  
NARRATIVE  
*Of Three Wicked and Bloody*  
MURTHERS

Committed in THREE Several Months:

*The First was at Oxford, Committed by*  
Thomas Hovell,

A TAYLOR; *Baliol*

*Upon the Body of John White, a Schollar of [redacted]-Colledge,  
through Covetousness for his Money.*

*The Second in London, done by a Young Lady*  
*upon her Lover, by reason he had promis'd her Marriage, and*  
*got her with Child, she went to Pistol him, but failing in*  
*that, she Stabb'd him with a Pen-Knife.*

*The Third was done by a Victualler*  
O N

**Bednal-Green.**

Within Two Miles of London; who comming home late, run  
his Wife through with a Rapier, she being bigg of her  
First CHILD.

The Reasons of these MURTHERS,

*4<sup>o</sup> Rawl. 594* And how they was Affed,

The BOOK within does more Largely make Manifest.

Printed for L. White, in White-Cross-Street, 1680. *with a*



A. T. R. I. E.

M. H. R. T. H. I. R. S.

Thomas Howell

1844

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Bloody Murders that has happened of late,  
very Remarkable.

**H**ow Savidge and Inhumane are the minds  
of Men grown in this sinful Land of  
our Nativity ; Surely the Devil never over-  
rul'd Mens reason to make them forget God,  
and bring their own Souls to Ruine in shed-  
ding of Innocent Blood ; as the Devil hath of  
late days by his subtile Instigations deluded poor  
Mortals to all manner of sins , but there is  
none so Odious in the all-seeing Eye of God,  
as that crying Sin of Murder : And although  
we have so just and upright a Law for the con-  
dign punishments of such Notorious Offenders,  
yet some are so naturally inclin'd to Villany, that  
though they have never so many Examples in  
that most abhorred sin of Murther, yet will they  
take no warning, as shall appear by this true and too  
sad Narrative of Three remarkable Murthers.

The first was in Nov. last, committed in the  
City of Oxford, which was thus.

**O**ne Thomas Hovel a Taylor by Trade, and  
had served his Time in Cambridge, but  
whether by his being wild and had a mind  
to Travel, or want of Trade, he betook him-  
self to that Honourable Imploy of a Souldier ;

where coming to Quarter in *Oxford*, he became acquainted with a Master Taylor that Employed him to Work in making Suits and Gowns for the Schollars; where in short time he became known by some other Journey-men of his own Function, and being in league with a young Woman that had promis'd Marriage unto him, provided he should be discharged and settle in *Oxon*: These and the like, made him be in Love with that famous University; but in time he was drawn off there, and the Company marcht into *Norfolk*: and as he told me himself when I was in Person with him, with tears and great Lamentation, That he was Disbanded at *Bucknel*, a Market Town some twelve Miles off *Norwich*; where he wisht from his heart he had never came back out of that County; but his mind run all upon this place, meaning *Oxford*: I Replyed, Did you know *John White* the Schollar of *Bealy-Colledge*, or had any familiar acquaintance with him before you gave him his mortal Wound? He said, but little or none, and I wish I never had known him: I answer'd; There might have been two Mens Lives saved; I enquired the reason of his Crimes, He said that the aforesaid *John White* had brought a Coat to mend, and told him he had been to receive a parcel of money that came from his Father in *Devon-shire*, and that he was to pay it for taking Degree of Bachelor the next day; and withal told him where he had put it in his Study within his Chamber: These things lay broyling in his mind, that he did think it an easie matter for to Rob him, therefore took

took an opportunity to carry his Coat home just when the Schollar was to do his Duty, he being but a Servitor; so coming when the murdered was going to the Hall to wait at the Table, he came with the Coat up stairs, the Schollar being in haste, bid him sit down, and he'd be with him presently; so that the opportunity fell out as he himself did wish; the Room being clear, he fell to renching the Closet-door open with a Hatchet, which himself had brought under his Coat for that use; but the Schollar coming sooner back than the other did expect, and catching him at his Work, fell upon him to Kick and beat him down stairs, and the Thief striving with the other, tript him up, and the Hatchet lying just at his hand, takes it up, and as the Schollar was rising, he knockt him down with it, and followed his Blows so fast that he Kill'd him, cutting one of his Ears off, beating his Nose flat to his Face, cutting his Throat, and mangling his Head and face, as if he had made it all but one Wound; he having finisht his Murder, takes the Schollars Gown and throws over him in the middle of the Room, puts the Money up, shuts the door after him, and away he goes, little concern'd for the present; but being in fear, he hides the Money in the Tick of his Bolster in his own Lodging; but all that Night he could not sleep for Horror and Frights of Conscience; the next morning he prepares to flye the City, and was not gone out a mile, but (as he confest to me) he could not go further, but thought some body stopt him, and turn'd him back-  
whether

whether he would or no, (yet see nothing) So coming to the City, he fell in Company with some Journey-men of his own Trade, and as they was a Drinking, he enquired where he might buy a Bed and Bed-stead, with some other Furniture for a House; for, said he, I have some money sent me by a Friend, and I intend to Marry such a one, and so settle in the City: Whilst they was thus talking, came in one of the Taylor's Wives, crying, Lord, there is the saddest Murder done in *Bealy-Colledge* upon a Schollar, as ever was heard of, and they say one of your Trade did it; with that, this Fellow chang'd his looks and turn'd pale, also fell a trembling; which made one in the company say, *Thomas*, I hope it was not you; I, no, says the other, I think not, with that they paid and went away, leaving him behind, but they sent the Constable to him, which found him there, and had him before the Mayor of the City, where he denyed all; but upon several Circumstances, he was committed close Prisoner in the City Goal, where in short time he truly confest all the Murder, and 'tis generally discours'd here, that he will be Hanged over-against the *Colledge-Gate*, where he did the Murder, and after be removed and Hanged up in Chains in *London-Road* to *Worcester*, which lies within a Mile or little more of *Oxford*; that all Strangers, Travellers, and others, may take notice of a sad wicked and Bloody Murtherer: It was expected that he would have had his Tryal at the Quarter-Sessions, which was on *Thursday* the 15th. of this Instant *Jan.* 1680. but the

the City and University has deferred it for the next Assizes.

The Second Murder was in *Decemb.* last, in the City of *London*, which is very Remarkable.

A Young Gentleman that had been a Suitor to a young Lady for some considerable time, at last opportun'd her with great Promises of Marriage to be perform'd in Five or Six Days ; telling her it was but a Ceremony to satisfy the world, and that it was Lawful for them to go to Bed then ; With these and the like persuasions, he got his will of her, and she proving with Child, and he not performing his promise, but forsaking her, and she finding that she was like to come to Disgrace, and besides loose her portion, which was very considerable, and being ashamed to see her Friends ; Upon these and the like she grew distracted, and getting a Pistol, charges it with a brace of Bullets, and coming to his Chamber in a Morning when she did think to have found him asleep, but it proved contrary, for he lying broad awake, and looking between the Curtains, and seeing his Mistress with a Pistol in her hand, step'd out of Bed in his Shirt, and struggling to get the aforesaid Pistol from her, she stab'd him with a Pen-Knife between the Ribs, so that it was thought then he was a dead Man, or if he be living or no, I cannot say, by reason he left his Lodging ; but she was Examined before a Justice, where she freely confess'd the whole matter, how she did intend to have Kill'd him with that Pistol, and afterwards



wards, to have stab'd her self with the Pen-knife. She is not come to Tryal yet by reason of her great Belly: *This was done the Week before Christmas last.*

The last Murder was very Inhumane, being done by a Victualler on *Bednal-Green*, within Two Miles of *London*; the Man had been abroad late a Gaming, and coming home to his Wife, she being in Bed, he asking for more Money to go out again, she being not willing unto it, knowing he carried enough out to defray any Honest Mans Charges; he presently breaks open the Trunk, and he not finding the Money so soon as he did expect, draws his Rapier and run his Wife through as she lay in Bed.

This is very much lamented among the Neighbourhood, because the Woman was bigg of her first Child.

And thus have I given you an Account of Three Wicked and Bloody Murders that has happened in Three Months. The first at *Oxford*, in *Novemb.* last. The Second at *London*, in *Decemb.* last. The Third at *Bednal-Green*, in *Janua.* 1680.

So the Lord keep in all from the like Crimes.

**F I N I S**



